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INTERNATIONAL News Service

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STOCKADE REVOLT BY MANNHEIM GI'S

LIBERATION News Service

MANNHEIM, West Germany (LNS) -- Another Army stockade has broken out in rebellion. About 100 GI inmates of the Mannheim, West Germany, U.S. Army stockade broke out of their cell blocks on March 13, set fire to stockade buildings -- demolishing a number of cell blocks, the stockade chapel and some administrative offices -- and fought a two-hour battle with MPs and confinement officers.

While one group of prisoners fought with MPs, another ran through cells blocks A and C with keys they had taken from an overpowered guard, releasing the long-term prisoners confined there. Out in the stockade yard, the rebels built a barricade out of overturned bunks and defended it for hours against MPs and German Army troops -- sent in as reinforcements by the brass -- before they were finally subdued.

The Army has tried its best to put a news blackout on the rebellion. When this became impossible, they released a statement admitting that there had been a "disturbance" in the stockade, but refused to give any details. Establishment media coverage of the rebellion has been almost non-existent.

The Army has not yet pressed charges but, as in previous stockade rebellions, they are trying to pick out some scapegoats. Army Criminal Investigation Division (CID) agents are questioning participants. GIs inside the stockade tell us that prisoners who "cooperate" with the Army, making statements incriminating their brothers, are allowed to return to their normal cell blocks while others are sent to "the box" -- a six-foot-square cage with six or more men in each. Word from inside the stockade is that most of the GIs are not succumbing to this tactic. One GI told of CID's efforts to threaten him into naming one person responsible for the revolt. "I told them 'Man, I was evacuating a burning building.'"

Another GI participant in the rebellion managed to smuggle out the following account of the events:

* * * * *

On Friday the 13th of March, a group of turnkeys, taking part in their nightly recreation, pulled a brother out of his cell and beat him brutally. In another cell-block, turnkeys were hassling brothers trying to go on medication call. Five months ago, a brother was dragged out of his cell and the next morning he was found dead. The officials claim he hung himself. His cellmates know otherwise. The guy had 36 hours left in the pound and his friends heard him scream out for help.

This time the GIs at Mannheim were not going to let this happen. With bunk adapters, sticks, and clubs taken from the pigs, we seized the time and over 90 black and white GIs were out of their cells, liberating our brother cellmates. THE PEOPLE WERE SWINGING AND THE PIGS WERE SWAYING.

We ripped down the tear gas cannisters from our cells and tossed them at the pigs. Anything we could find--shoes, cans, chairs, desks, fire extinguishers, celldoors. Four times the turnkeys came back down the halls and four times they picked up tails and oinked back to cover. We set afire barricades of bunks and mattresses and then outside reinforcements came--German riot squads with tear gas, MPs with guns, firemen with hoses -- and drove us out into the courtyard.

We were made to stand at attention for two hours. One brother collapsed and the pigs went in on him with more brutality. Finally they had to take this unconscious brother to the dispensary. All others standing were denied medical attention, which some needed badly. Finally the pigs threw everyone into solitary confinement blocks. Blocks 5x8x8, with more than six men in each block. All of us were stripped and watered down and afterwards they threw garbage on us. The MPs opened the windows and turned off the radiators, so we had to stay in the wet and cold all night and day. They estimated over $45,000 worth of damage was done to the stockade. The stockade chapel, some offices, and military files were destroyed.

The turnkeys had a difficult time getting outside reinforcements. At 2 AM they attempted to round up guys to help "protect the stockade." One GI who was alerted shouted, "If you don't want another riot right here, you'd better get out. I'm not gonna put down my brothers!"

The Mannheim stockade rebellion follows similar outbreaks at Fort Dix, NJ (where 150 took part); Presidio, Calif.; Fort Carson, Colo.; Fort Riley, Kansas; Long Binh stockade in Vietnam (affectionately referred to as LBJail by GIs) and Nuremburg, Germany where last month over 50 of the 100 prisoners revolted.

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MANNHEIM STOCKADE PRISONERS
TALK ABOUT REBELLION

LIBERATION News Service/Overseas Weekly

Gary Hummiston and Pvt. William D. Buckner are two GIs doing time in the Mannheim stockade for AWOL. Burr Snider was able to get this interview with them while they were outside the stockade on a work detail.

* * * * * * * * *

BUCKNER: It was the brothers that started it, I guess. Don't get me wrong -- it wasn't a racial thing, all the prisoners are pretty tight in the stockade. I mean they treat everybody like dogs, so there isn't much racism among the prisoners. Anyway this one brother down on A block asked a turnkey if he could leave his cell for some reason and the guy opened the door for him, and about six prisoners swarmed out of the cell all at once. They say the turnkey sort of went into shock when he saw what was happening. Then they came up through our block opening doors with keys they'd gotten off the guard. At first they were hollering for just the brothers to join them, but everybody started swarming out of the cells when the doors were opened.

HUMMISTON: Well, not everybody. Some guys stayed in their cells, but not too many. I don't think it was really a planned thing -- it just happened. I think prejudice had a lot to do with it, prejudice on the part of the prison officials, that is, but generally I think it was just a protest against prison conditions. There hasn't been any hot water for awhile, and the food has really been rotten. Then there's always the harassment. Prisoners can only be pushed so far and then they break loose. You feel like you want to take the place apart.

BUCKNER: Everybody swarmed out and headed out into the yard. The first place they headed was the chapel--I don't know why, really. The guys burnt Bibles and statues and tore down the flag and burnt that too. They really did a job on that chapel.

HUMMISTON: Yeah, and then everybody headed for the social worker's office. They tore the shit out of that, too, because they can't stand him. But nobody touched the education center because the guy who runs that is pretty groovy and everybody likes him.

BUCKNER: They built a blockade with bunks downstairs and the MPs tried to rush it to get to us. The first time they came they were held off and pushed back, but then they called in reinforcements from the MP company--and the German riot squad in their Nazi helmets and all. There must have been about a hundred of them altogether. Germans and MPs. The second time they rushed the blockade they made it. Then they started busting heads. They couldn't get their hands on too many prisoners but the ones they did catch got wasted. Some of the turnkeys got it pretty good, too. I saw one guard who looked like he had taken a bloodbath.

HUMMISTON: They started dragging guys off into the Box (prison argot for the block of 5x8-foot solitary confinement cells used to isolate recalcitrant prisoners) whenever they could get someone off alone. Before it was all over there were about 100 people in the boxes and they're only built to hold about 36, so you can see how they jammed them in. Besides that they made them strip to their underwear and they had to spend the night that way. Since all the windows were broken out you can imagine what that was like.

BUCKNER: One funny thing happened, though. The turnkeys were just dying to get the fire hoses on us but they couldn't get up enough water pressure. And they couldn't get anything organized because the guys had torn all the loudspeakers down, too. The turnkeys were just scared to death through the whole thing. They still are. By the end of the riot about 3 in the morning, the guards just didn't give a shit. Guys were lighting up bowls of shit right in front of them and they weren't doing anything about it. When they finally got everybody back into the cells they had a search for the keys the guys took, but I heard they never found them.

HUMMISTON: Did it accomplish anything? I don't know.

it seems like things have gotten worse since it happened. We've had the same crap to eat for two days straight now and the harassment is worse than usual -- if that's possible. I guess it didn't accomplish much, but sometimes that's the only way you can get heard.

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(Editor's note: see graphics to go with this story.)

THE PEOPLE'S POWER IS THE PANTHER'S BAIL

[illegible] MARCH IN NEW YORK CITY

By Nina Sabaroff

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK (LNS) -- If you had happened by the Central Park mall at high noon on Saturday, April 4, and if you had not seen a single yellow sticker advertising the event, you might have thought you were late for a Be-In, judging from the number of people who were there already.

But 5,000 people had not come this day to celebrate Spring. Neither had they come in such numbers to protest the war in Vietnam. They came to protest the incarceration of twenty-one Panthers, [illegible] of whom [illegible] have been jailed for over a year without trial, on trumped up charges of conspiring to bomb department stores, railroad stations, and the Bronx Botanical Gardens. Five-thousand people came together to give their support to the Panther 21 and to free all political prisoners who are sequestered behind bars in America today.

By one o'clock, we had formed a massive column of marchers and banners, and we began marching from the mall on 72nd St. to the 59th St. bridge, over the East River, to a rally five miles away at the Queens Court House Square.

The reason we marched to Queens was because 10 Panther brothers are incarcerated in the House of Detention there. (One sister, Joan Bird, is still under lock and key at the Women's House of Detention, a [illegible] of earlier demonstrations.)

We were angry, exhilerated by our numbers, and we locked arms, singing "Free Bobby, Free Erika, Free the Panther 21, we need our warriors beside us."

Red, yellow and green banners with silk-screened faces of our familiar friends, Huey, Bobby, Erika Huggins, Fred Hampton. Free all political prisoners.

A cool, sunny day with cars passing on the other side of the street, people watching us, sometimes raising fists, sometimes honking in greeting, sometimes looking scared and hostile. Taxicab drivers looking at us with black faces, brown faces, smiling and flashing fists. Dressed-up shoppers and museum-goers, staring at us as if we had just walked out of a Godard movie; they could read our subtitles, though. We asked them to join us. Sometimes we ran and gave war whoops, and the march went on as far as the eye could see.

A naked couple waved to us from a high window of an apartment building, and all along the route people waved and lifted fists from windows and doorways. "Power to the people," we shouted at those who didn't smile. We've been marching a long time, but we're still marching, we told them with our eyes, so maybe you ought to join us and see what it's all about.

Soon we were on the bridge. Cars zoomed by on our left, the water was dark and full of ripples on our right, we could see the strangely quiet skyline of New York City behind us and the buildings of Queens before us. It was a long trek but we were exhilerated and felt our power. "Over the bridge, empty the jails, the people's power is the Panther's bail," and "Put the pigs in the pokey, put the Panthers on the street."

At last we arrived at the Court House Square. The jail was pointed out to us and all five thousand of us stared at the building, trying to imagine our people in there, wondering if they could possibly hear us or see us, wondering how we could ever get them out.

Dharuba of the Panther 21 spoke to us. After a full year in jail without trial, he's finally been released on $100,000 while eleven other defendants are still being held on that ransom, so Dharuba had a lot to tell us about. He almost didn't make it to the rally at all. The evening before he had been stopped in a "routine check" and detained at the police station, where he tried to keep his identity secret, because he knew that once they knew it was him, they'd "discover" a bag of dope in his pocket. Dharuba picked up Afeni Shakur's baby, who was near the microphone, and said "No pig is gonna bust down YOUR door, no pig's gonna hold a gun to YOUR head."

Afeni, who was also just released on $100,000 bail, looked at the crowd and told us, "I'm tired of coming to talk to the people and having to talk to pigs." She pointed at the helmeted cops who surrounded the rally and peered down from surrounding rooftops. But Afeni didn't want to waste too much time talking to cops, so she turned toward the building where her 10 brothers are in jail and she screamed into the microphone: "Hello brothers, there's some people come here to free you." And she said hello to each one of them by name, and we all stood up and faced the prison --very far off, window after window -- and screamed as loud as we could. It was good to scream that loud and hope that they could hear us, because we'd marched a long way to be with them.

And Afeni told us that we had to move now and keep moving to keep "Chairman Bobby" from going to the chair. "Because you know what's gonna happen if Bobby goes to the chair? All the lights in Babylon are going to go out."

By this time our oft-sung "People's Power" was really ringing in our heads. And when Big Man, from the Panther National Headquarters, talked, it made the issue even more real: what actions are we going to take, what actions can we take, to support the Panthers and to build a strong revolutionary movement among white people in this country?

Big Man talked to us -- largely a white audience -- of the necessity of avoiding race war -- how we can't afford to half-step any longer.

Lennie Weinglass, lawyer for the Conspiracy sentenced to over two years in jail for defending the Chicago 7, stood up there with Afeni and Dharuba and Jamal and Big Man. He told us that the Conspiracy will be sharing an office with the Committee to Defend the Panther 21, and we ought to keep in pretty close touch with them because a lot of actions are being planned, and we are all in it together.

The speeches heightened our solidarity, but also heightened our anger and our frustration, because this is not the first or second or third demonstration most of us have been to, [illegible] known the Panthers for a long time. We've seen Huey go to jail, we've seen Eldridge go into exile: we've seen Fred Hampton murdered and we've mourned the death of little Bobby Hutton. We've seen Bobby Seale bound and shackled in a Chicago courtroom and extradicted on trumped up murder charges to New Haven. We've marched in New Haven for our Panther sisters, who've given birth to babies under armed guard, and we've shouted "The sky's the limit!" Now we're shouting "No more lights in Babylon'" if they try to send Bobby to the chair.

But we still don't have the power we need to put a stop to it all right here, right now.

So when we went down into the subway, angry, after the rally, one thing we knew was that we were NOT going to pay Babylon 30 cents each to ride from Queens to Manhattan. But it was a bad subway station, a long funnel which quickly became packed with angry people trying to ride for free, and the cops were ready. For half an hour we jeered and demanded, but even with our numbers, we would have had to fight through 20 cops two or three at a time to get past the turnstiles. Since more and more of us were pushing from behind, it was a bad tactical situation: but we didn't want to leave. Eventually the cops got tired of dealing with our anger and began to swing.

Four Young Lords got busted in Queens trying to get into the subway. All four were beaten, two right then and two later in the precinct house.

In another subway in Queens, further from the rally, hundreds of demonstrators jumped over the turnstiles and crowded into the cars where they ripped down advertising placards, lit cigarettes, and scrawled "Free the Panther 21" on everything with magic markers.

At Times Square, one demonstrator who had just gotten off the subway was hassled by a cop. Other demonstrators converged on the cop and in the confusion the cop's gun was taken. More police came to [illegible] and during the fight that ensued, one demonstrator was busted -- presumably for [illegible] the pig's gun. By now a large crowd [illegible] After some attempt to quiet people [illegible] to disperse, the cops moved in [illegible] who were tightly packed

more... more....

Seventeen were busted in the fighting, and charged with resisting arrest, harassment, and felonious assault. One innocent black bystander on his way home to Queens was busted on six felony charges. Several of those busted were beaten up at the station by cops and required hospitalization. Bail ranged from $500 to $3,500.

This demonstration has ended, but there will be more. The trial of the Panther 21 continues, the trial of the 14 Panthers in New Haven begins and we need our warriors beside us.

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[NOTE: People who saw the subway busts or have photographs of them, call the Lawyer's Guild -- 962-5440. They need info for the defense of those busted]

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WORMS

I have worms
in my body
my head
my mind.
They travel the bloodstream;
thus
no part of me
escapes.

How long have I had them?
Long enough.
Long enough
to contaminate most people
I love.

You have worms.
I know because I love you.
You have worms
because worms
are social:
when one of us has them
all of us get them
and it does not matter who had them first.

We have worms,
They suck our blood,
our brains,
eat our food.
Will they kill us?
No.
Worse: they sap us,
drain us
make us
not us.

It is hard
to rid ourselves of worms.
To kill them is simple
One takes a pill
and then perhaps another pill.

(more)

But we are more than one.
All of us
or none of us
will live.

--Susan Sutheim
Women: A Journal of Liberation
(LNS)

FOR WITCHES

today
i lost my temper.

temper, when one talks of metal
means make strong,
perfect.

temper, for humans,
means angry
irrational
bad.

today i found my temper.
I said,
you step on my head
for 27 years you step on my head
and though I have been trained
to excuse you for your inevitable
clumsiness
today i think
i prefer my head to your clumsiness.

today i began
to find
myself.

tomorrow
perhaps
i will begin
to find
you.

--Susan Sutheim
Women: A Journal of Liberation/(LNS)

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MALCOLM X STILL SPEAKS

Power never takes a back step -- only in the face of more power.

No, I'm not an American. I'm one of the 22 million black people who are victims of Americanism.

Whenever they speak of a population explosion they are referring to the people in Asia or in Africa -- the black, brown, red and yellow people.

I believe in political action, yes. Any kind of political action. I believe in action, period. Whatever kind of action that is necessary.

MOVIE REVIEW

BOYS IN THE BAND: SCRAPS FROM THE TABLE

By Gary Alinder

LIBERATION News Service/Berkeley Tribe

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) -- Two years ago when "Boys in the Band" opened off-Broadway in New York there was such a fuss, you'd a thought it was a big breakthrough or something. There it was, right on stage, a whole play about HOMOSEXUALS for god's sake.

Sure, a big breakthrough. Not that the author was gay (a good writer can write about ANYTHING), or that any of the actors were really gay (a good actor can play any role, you understand), or that any of the reviewers were gay (even the most outrageous faggots among them referred to homosexuals as "those kind of people.") You wondered where all those homosexuals in the play came from. Although of course no one creative or important or successful could possibly be gay, all the critics did inform us that a number of "those people" were in the audience. Hurrah! We exist.

Well, now the BIG BREAKTHROUGH is a movie and HOMOSEXUALITY is coming to the neighborhoods. Is America ready?

Yeah, America's ready for this one. "The Boys" is a period piece, something to look back upon with nostalgia almost. It's of the Fifties, put it on a shelf with the silent generation, Joe McCarthy, Ike and sockhops after basketball games. "The Boys" could have been written by that supremely Fifties playwright, Arthur Miller, for "The Boys" is a psychological potboiler.

Imagine. Eight homosexuals gather for a birthday party in a posh Upper Eastside New York apartment. And each is a stereotype: Michael, a tough, catty queen; Emory, with a lisp so heavy the spit almost flies off the screen at you and a wrist so limp you wonder that his hand doesn't fall off; Hank, a butch, married-with-two-kids-closet case; Harold, a "pock marked, Jewish fairy" who delivers hundreds of one liners, each one a put down, more bitter, cynical and cutting than the last, and so on.

Put these self-hating and hating each other faggots together in a room and it's bound to explode. It does: into bloody verbal and physical assaults, into drunkeness, bitter tears, wretchings on the floor, falls of distress and loneliness. Yes, it's an ironical portrayal of the "gay" life designed to warm the hearts of every male chauvinist-Football Coach - Baptist Minister - "sickness theory" psychologist who ever lived. It got to me. I wanted to tear down the screen in rage.

It isn't that the play/movie doesn't have an element of truth. Of course, materialistic, self pitying queens do exist. Oh, how they exist. A lot of gay people really are fucked up with self-hatred. We can take a certain pride in the wittiness and self parody of camp and in the will to survive of these poor fairies. It's just that I'm really in awe how they can make such a terribly Fifties "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" let's-get-drunk and tear-each-other-apart drama these days.

It's a case of Cashing In. Author Mart Crowley does a great job of giving a straight audience what it wants. His dramatic pyrotechnics may have worked on stage but on screen they are tacky. The film is faithful to the play. But filming a play does not make a movie.

In my rage I'm giving a bleak impression of the movie. That's ninety percent true, but there are moments of tenderness, brief glimpses of love, times when you have to admire the guttsyness of these fags for being so outrageously what they are. Mostly though, it's a sellout.

The film begs for the cheapest and weakest emotional response: pity. Thank you for your pity. Thank you and fuck off.

No one ever used to talk about homosexuality except as under-the-table gossip. Now I suppose we should be happey for the scraps they're throwing us, a whole movie for chrissake.

We were invisible. Now we're at the Steppin Fetchit and Aunt Jemima stage. Call me when we get to the "Amos and Andy" stage.

That'll really be a BIG BREAKTHROUGH.

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COME OUT GAY LIBERATION NOW!

STUDENTS AT STANFORD DIG IN
FOR LONG BATTLE AGAINST ROTC

By Diarmuid McGuire
LIBERATION News Service

PALO ALTO, Calif. (LNS) -- "I never heard a sound like that," said one Concerned Stalinist. " It was like music."

He was talking about a number that 300 students had just played on the glass facade of Stanford's Aeronautics and Astronautics Building. This came during the third night of militant action in a week of struggle to get the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) off campus.

A year ago, Stanford's faculty voted to phase ROTC out by 1973. That wasn't fast enough, and radical students responded by attacking war-related research at Stanford and the Stanford Research Institute (SRI). The April 3rd Movement, which carried out this attack, forced the university to stop doing classified research and to sever official ties with SRI.

This fall, lanky bumbling President Kenneth Pitzer -- one-time chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, who deplores the war in Vietnam -- came under pressure from the Pentagon to reinstate the ROTC program. By coincidence, a local electronics mogul and former trustee, David Packard, is now an Assistant Secretary of Defense. Rumor has it that David was concerned lest some of Stanford's $17 million in defense contracts be jeopardized.

Pitzer dutifully stacked committees, rationalized, engaged in rational dialogue and eventually came up with a plan for a Center of Military Studies to replace the Department of Military Science. He called this a compromise. The faculty approved it by a narrow margin of 17 votes out of 750, counting the ballots of ROTC instructors and administrators.

As the movement at Stanford saw it, this was the beginning of a drive to roll back gains made against university-sponsored imperialism on campuses around the country won last year. If ROTC could be revived at Stanford, it would soon reappear at Harvard, Dartmouth, MIT and other ruling-class schools.

And, in addition to its symbolic importance as the focus of anti-imperialist struggle, the ROTC program at Stanford is of material importance to the military. Officers are "gentlemen," and a certain percentage of them must come from the ruling class if the system is to work smoothly. Stanford graduates are thought of by the Pentagon as "high quality material," according to one university administrator.

News of fights against ROTC in Puerto Rico and at Washington University in St. Louis helped dispel some pessimism about the possibility of a struggle at Stanford. If Puerto Rican students were willing to face police guns in an attempt to end military training at their university, the issue was clearly still relevant at Stanford.

On the evening of Mar. 31, hours after the faculty vote to reinstate ROTC under its new name had been announced, Tom Hayden of the Chicago Conspiracy came to town. Of the 1,000 people who came to hear him and Greg Kneil of Santa Barbara, several hundred were left with a strong impulse to act, partly against the outrage of Chicago but mostly against the contempt that their faculty, administration and the U.S. Army had shown for them.

It turned out that the administration believes in conspiracies. They had called several busloads of pigs onto the campus before Hayden had said a word. When the first windows were broken in the ROTC offices (which have occupied the second floor of the athletic ticket office since the ROTC was burned down two years ago), the pigs attacked. The crowd fell back past the Business School and the Aero and Astro Building, which had much bigger windows. The next day the university claimed more than $5,000 damage.

The second night was heavier. Plainclothes pigs wearing ski masks picked off several people from the crowd, beat and Maced others. This was followed by two nights of non-violent marches, one of which drew more than 1,000 people. After the weekend, there was another night of determined and efficient window-breaking.

This is all part of the "Do It To It" strategy. The idea is that the university will get rid of ROTC when it becomes clear that the cost of keeping it is greater than the cost of defeat. Do It To It also includes a series of mill-ins and class disrup-

tions which are being carried out daily..

The movement has solved one important theoretical problem. After the first night, individuals and groups began to take a position that no more actions should be carried out until extensive efforts had been made to organize and recruit in dormitories and elsewhere.

Affinity groups have been formed to handle both actions and organizing. By making plans in groups of 10 and 15 and by coordinating them through a central committee, it has become possible to move without forewarning the police.

The groups, each of which has members with different levels of political awareness and commitment, have taken names like Concerned Stalinists for Love and Struggle, Red Squad, Molly Maguire, and Motherfucker. Most of the best talk about tactics, personal questions and the political context of the struggle, has taken place in these groups. A number of high school students also relate to the groups.

A serious attempt has been made to explain the movement to campus workers; there are 7,000 employed by Stanford. Because of cutbacks in Federal spending, these workers have already been experiencing lay-offs, speed-ups and a lot of trouble in getting the university to listen to demands for wages and benefits.

It looks like a long fight is developing at Stanford. Sons and daughters of the ruling class are quickly coming to see the implications of the struggle and are trying to deal with their own fear. They are learning that if they move fast and strike hard, even a masked tac squad of insane pigs can't touch them. And they are beginning to understand that the fight is worth the risk.

People have been greatly encouraged by movements against ROTC that have been coming together at nearby Foothill College in Los Altos, where a group of students threw a Marine recruiter off campus on April 1, and the University of California at Berkeley.

In some ways the struggle at Stanford still seems unreal. Stalinists and Motherfuckers have trouble feeling at home among the Spanish colonial cloisters -- complete with sandstone arches and red tile roofs -- that California's robber barons built in an attempt to legitimize their wealth and themselves. The sun shines daily. All the grass is surrounded by asphalt and is clipped regularly by Black, Chicano and immigrant Portuguese gardners. It is hard to feel like a revolutionary in this suburban ruling class paradise.

But people at Stanford are doing a good job of bringing the war home.

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[Note to editors: Diarmuid McGuire works with the Pacific Studies Center, 1963 University Ave., East Palo Alto, Calif. 94303, phone 415-322-4664.]

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THE PRICE OF RICE

MANILA, the Philippines (LNS) -- For years now, U.S. technocrats have been talking about a strain of "miracle" rice that would dramatically increase production and so extinguish the flames of revolution among the starving peoples of the world.

Such a rice strain has been developed, but the prospects for its continued use look dim. The new rice strain has brought about a tremendous rise in agricultural productivity in South Asia, where it has been used for several years. But one unfortunate side-effect of growing enough rice to feed everyone is that the price of rice goes down -- this has made the rich farmers who control the market pretty unhappy.

Dr. Robert F. Chandler, director of the International Rice Research Institute here, where the high-yield rice was developed, commented recently: "Only three years ago people were screaming, 'How are we going to feed the teeming millions of Asia?' Now some of those same people are yelling about overproduction and lost export markets."

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JAPANESE RADICALS PROTEST AT EXPO '70

OSAKA, Japan (CPS/LNS) -- Police arrested 67 radicals on charges of obstructing official duties when they staged a demonstration here on the opening day of Expo '70.

The protest was against the Japan-U.S. Security Treaty being re-negotiated this year. An estimated 150 radical students and young workers were barred by 300 police from entering the fair grounds

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BERKELEY WHIRLYPIGS: CITY COUNCIL AS THEATER

By Karen Wald

LIBERATION News Service

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) -- In another episode in the series called "Whirlypigs come to Berkeley," the Berkeley City Council held a public hearing in the Berkeley Community Theater Mar. 31. The people came to tell the City Council why they didn't want whirlypigs (also known as police helicopters) flying over their city. The Berkeley City Council came to sit and nod their heads, so that next month, when they are expected to approve Police Chief Baker's request for $175,000 for the helicopters, they can say that they listened to all sides of the story.

Heading the cast of characters is plump, balding, red-faced Mayor Wallace Johnson, who recently had to back down somewhat from his new pet scheme of having riot wardens or block wardens in white helmets to watch over the Berkeley scene.

To his (far) left is tall, handsome, mustachioed black Councilman Ron Dellums, champion of blacks, street people and other assorted leftists. Councilman Dellums, unfortunately, is attempting to leave his loyal constituency for the greater realms of Washington D.C., and his supporters can be identified by the voter registration forms they carry around.

For comic relief, on the far right, is Councilman John DeBonis, who can always be counted on to produce reactions ranging from angry outrage to derisive laughter. He thinks even Mayor Johnson is a likely com-symp. There are the Good Citizenry (white, middle-aged or older, middle class or better), and the Rabble, Radicals and Revolutionaries.

As the scene opens at 7:30 March 31, the Mayor and Councilmen and city manager are sitting at a long table on the stage, in front of and above the people (Good Citizenry and Rabble), who are massed here tonight after their vocal presence prevented the holding of a similar meeting in the tiny council chambers a month ago. A number of people are getting up, one by one, to come to a microphone placed at the lower level in front of the stage.

Police Chief Baker first addresses the crowd on the need for police helicopters, then splits.

The bulk of the first score of speakers are from the Rabble, Radicals and Revolutionaries (RR&R).

Then up strides a Good Citizen from the Merchants Association. An undercurrent ripples through the auditorium. "Dinosaur, dinosaur" they chant, a reference to Hayden's description of the ruling class as dinosaurs thrashing around as they are about to become extinct.

"Child care, child care" intone a number of young women, and the RR&R crowd picks it up. They want the money to be spent on free, round-the-clock child care centers instead of whirlypigs. The Merchant Citizen speaks of the growing crime rate, especially muggings and rape. "Who are you to speak about rape?" yelled an outraged mother carrying a "Child Care" sign.

A very straight looking woman, middle aged, neatly dressed, comes to the microphone, and begins explaining that she is a voter, a property-owner, a parent, and a Christian -- and then shocks everyone by continuing: "and I'm unequivocally opposed to the idea of buying helicopters." She goes on to cite among her objections increased taxes, noise level, pollution of the air, and increased mistrust among the citizens of Berkeley.

A grey-haired man also surprises the Council by informing them that "we poor people don't want helicopters." The man adds, "we should take a look at why we have to have a Black Panther Party," inspiring the crowd to chant "Free Bobby!"

Members of the Berkeley Jaycees and the Merchants Association arise to tell the room how concerned they are over increasing crime. The theater takes on a more chaotic air as people hiss, boo and jeer, and others go up and down the aisles registering voters for Ron Dellums.

Then a neatly-dressed, conservative-looking man begins speaking. "If you put helicopters in the skies of Berkeley," he informs the Council somberly, "they'll be fired upon. You'll have to arm them...." The place was bedlam

before he could continue with his dire predictions. Councilman DeBonis is demanding the mike on a "point of order." People are laughing and cheering. Mayor Wallace Johnson is rapping his gavel.

A woman tells the council this is all a charade -- "You already have your minds made up. You have no intention of listening to the people or meeting their needs." Two little girls are sitting on the stage, playing with balloons. Johnson orders them off. One stubbornly refuses, urged on by the adults who insist she's not bothering anyone.

Johnson recesses, and children and balloons take over the stage. Johnson returns, and as the council resume their seats, he begins angrily: "Will whoever stole my gavel..."

Shouts: "DeBonis took it!" "Chief Baker took it!" The game goes on.

Then a pounding is heard from up above. Three plainclothes pigs have been taking pictures from the balcony, and someone apparently locked them in up there. The meeting breaks up as the crowd and several councilmen -- each in their own way -- object to the hidden cameras.

The people begin a people's meeting, conducted by women and child ren. Someone pins an NLF flag in the back of the podium. A little kid speaks. "We're spending $175,000 for police equipment," he protests, describing his experience in People's Park, and how the pepper fog came into his school, turned the swimming pool white with gas. "Five kids in my school were shot. I don't particularly dig helicopters. There are lots of things I'd rather see the money go for -- like child care centers [a major demand of the women present] or schools or street cleaning -- everything except helicopters."

An eleven-year-old boy with long blond hair and a black leather jacket jumps up on the table to be seen. "I say Fuck the Pigs and Fuck the Establishment" he yells. Over the roars his voice can again be heard, urging people to "grow your own food, grow your own everything." He sums up: "I've been hassled by pigs a lot -- I don't want to be hassled again."

A girl from Berkeley High School explains that they are forming a Berkeley High Women's Liberation Group, whose main demands are: (1) birth control and abortion clinic on campus, (2) women should take over the gymn class, which should include karate, and (3) a women's history and women's education class.

The audience is already dissolving, breaking up in small groups. Councilman Dellums is talking into a TV microphone somewhere in the rear. Another chapter in the saga of the Berkeley Whirlypigs draws to a close.

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GAY LOVERS FIGHT FOR RIGHT TO NECK IN PUBLIC

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) -- Two members of the Gay Liberation Front have successfully overturned a University of California ruling which forbade them to be on the Berkeley campus. The two men, Dunbar Aitkens and Danny Worrell, were thrown off the campus for necking on Sproul Plaza. The university authorities said they had received many complaints of "offensive behavior."

After pressure was placed on the university by the Gay Liberation Front, the ban on the two was rescinded on the grounds that the law under which they were expelled does not include "necking on campus."

Gay lovers plan to continue to express themselves in public. "We were being affectionate," said Dunbar Aitkens, "doing what boys and girls on that lawn do frequently but are never busted."

Konstantin Berlandt, writing in the Berkeley Tribe, said that gay liberation people are simply "being open about our minority lifestyle. If we do not fight we will be pushed right back into the ghetto of exploitation, harassment and fear that we are now stepping out of."

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CUBAN FILM ON HO CHI MINH WINS PRIZE

HELSINKI (LNS) -- "Seventy-nine Springs," a Cuban movie about the life of Ho Chi Minh, won first prize in a field of 125 short-subject documentaries at the Tampere Film Festival in Finland. The film was directed by Santiago Alvarez, Cuba's best known filmmaker.

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LNS BOOK REVIEW: VICTOR SERGE

By Phil Koslow

LIBERATION News Service

Men in Prison (1929). Doubleday, 1967 (A novel of life in a French prison.)

Birth of Our Power (1929-30) Doubleday, 1967 (A novel of the Barcelona uprising and the early days of Red Petrograd.)

The Case of Comrade Tulayev (1942) Doubleday Anchor, 1968. (A novel about the purges in the USSR during the 1930's)

Memoirs of a Revolutionary (1942-43) Oxford Univ. Press PB, 1963.

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Victor Serge's life followed one of his favorite mottos: "As long as social injustice lasts we shall remain in a state of permanent revolution." He was born in Belgium in 1890, the child of Russian revolutionary exiles. His legacy of idealism and intimate experience of poverty led him to the desperate anarchism-individualism of the pre-World War I days in Paris. His comrades saw no solution but to blast their way out of a "world without escape." They died in shoot-outs with the police, by their own hands, and on the guillotine.

Serge was editing an anarchist review, determined to prevail and to resist the temptation of dying for no purpose, but for refusing to inform on his comrades he got five years in prison as an "accomplice." Prison toughened him and refined him and refined his ideals. After his release he worked as a linotypist in Barcelona, joined the syndicalist labor union, Confederacion Nacional de Trabajo, and fought in the workers' uprising of July 1917. When the uprising was crushed he set off for Russia to serve the victorious revolution.

After a stay in a French concentration-camp he made it to Petrograd, served as a machine-gunner in a defense battalion during the Civil War, helped found the Communist International and translated Bolshevik writings into French. He joined the Communist Party and then, with Trotsky and others, formed the Left Opposition, which demanded the return of Soviet Democracy. When the Opposition was crushed by Stalin, Serge was not shot, but was expelled from the Party and deported to central Asia in 1933. After three years he was issued a passport and went to France, where he continued his work as an Oppositionist until the Nazi take-over. He then made his way to Mexico, where he died in 1947.

During his last twenty years: four exiles, seven flights, each time the loss of all his books and papers. And he still managed to turn out some twenty books and pamphlets.

Despite this extraordinary range of experience, Serge never saw himself as having an adventure. Unlike so many writers who report on Revolutionary Experiences, he never places himself above his situation. He rejects the notion of a literary consciousness rising above history to some heavenly place. And unlike that other school, the literary hatchetmen of the revolution, he refuses to dissolve himself into official mythology. He has no fear of saying "I," but he has no need to justify himself, or parade around as someone who was right when everybody else was wrong. What matters to him is: what happened, and what does it mean to our lives? Because he refuses to play the traditional literary games, he is an absolutely trustworthy writer. You don't have to keep an eye on him to see what he's getting up to behind the facade of words.

Serge never romanticizes or abstracts his material. The people of Barcelona and Petrograd don't represent any lofty principle beyond the simple and profound respect due to them as human beings. They are being denied the necessary physical and spiritual conditions of life. They have got to become conscious of their force, demolish the structures which oppress them, and "it will cost whatever it costs." The meaning of the revolution to Serge and his comrades is expressed in sixteen words, a dialogue on the eve of his departure for Russia:

> The army?
> With the people.
> The police?
> No more police.
> The prisons?
> Burned.
> The power?
> Us.

It's hardly news that the October Revolution didn't continue along these lines. It turned a backward country into an industrial giant, provided work and bread and education. But the libertarian and democratic impulses of the early days -- the direct

control of the masses over their own lives through the Soviets, the giant assemblies, the co-operatives -- were usurped by a centralized, bureaucratic, nationalistic State which has become more and more counter-revolutionary over the years. We are now able to say "the hell with Russia, we've got China and Cuba." But we must understand that every revolution has such reactionary tendencies within it and is always in danger of knuckling under to them. Lenin and Trotsky more than anyone understood the deepest aspirations of the Russian masses, and knew how to bring them to bear on the stage of history. Yet they created still another secret police, filled the prisons, suppressed debate outside the circle of the Party, and, against their intentions created the exact conditions under which Stalin and his cohorts were able to turn the revolution decisively to the right. Under great pressure, they took the line of least resistance at a few crucial points, used their power as power, instead of taking revolutionary risks. Emma Goldman once wrote: "Those in authority have and always will abuse their power. And the instances when they do not do so are as rare as roses growing on icebergs." Serge says, "I know the greatness of these men; but they, who belonged to the future, were in this respect the prisoners of the past."

In the Memoirs and Tulayev Serge shows this really tragic process at work more clearly and sympathetically than anyone ever has or will. There couldn't have been a more terrible experience for a revolutionary than watching the revolution being taken over by those who wanted to control it and get fat off it. Or seeing the old "cohort of iron", the giants of October, confess to being paid agents of the fascists, saboteurs, enemies of the revolution. The strong and the weak alike were hemmed in on all sides and went under. One of the characters in Tulayev, just before his arrest, puts it with chilling clarity: "What are the poor people to do? What are we to do?...Marx and Bakunin lived in the age of simple problems; they never had enemies behind them."

The reactionary phase of the revolution was greeted by a chorus of applause from left wing writers and intellectuals in the West. These men might have had some influence on the course of events, but when Serge presented them with irrefutable facts, they patted him on the shoulder and told him not to be so bitter, advise him against writing anything. Living in the vulgar and oppressive atmosphere of bourgeois society, they were completely carried away by the spectacle of men who spoke the language of their own ideals exercising power over a whole country. They needed this so much that they could not bring themselves to take a good hard look at the actions accompanying the words. As Serge wrote in 1933:

> So many literary men have succeeded in keeping silence gaily, with a supreme revolutionary elegance. They have found it possible to publish weeklies and monthlies and whole books without letting the truth glimmer through. That is the sign of great artistry. And it is a terrible danger.

We mustn't be afraid ever to admit and discuss the failures of any revolution, no matter how valuable it may be to us. As soon as a word of criticism leaks out, the trained fleas of the existing order take to the air, buzzing, "See, See." Even the leftists admit that revolution is no good -- let them caper while they can. We don't need to win debates with them. We do need to be so confident of our ideals and insights that we have nothing to fear from the entire truth about any situation. We have to face the fact that the most heroic achievements have, through human weakness and the inertia of events, been dangerously corrupted. If we cover it up and try to forget, we're bound to make the same mistakes all over again. But if we are strong enough to grapple with the truth and not lose the courage or the will to fight the things that oppress us, then everything we learn, however depressing, deepens and sharpens and heightens the consciousness. Certainly the enemy is behind us too, but that just happens to be an essential fact about this time and place -- it's not the nineteenth century any more.

Serge would say, grow some eyes in the back of your head, carry on the fight. He never grew cynical or tired. He absorbed all the pain and disappointment of his experience back into his revolutionary determination. He never lost sight of what the revolution had achieved and never stopped believing that the struggle would go on and the victories

would be fuller and more secure; he was waiting in Mexico for the upheavals to follow that second war and he certainly wasn't kidding himself. His last word from the prison notebooks of one of the old iron Bolsheviks in Iulayev, waiting to be executed:

> The weight of the world is upon us. We are crushed by it. All those who want neither drive nor uncertainty in the successful revolution overwhelm, and behind them they have all those whom the fear of revolution blinds and saps... On the eve of our disappearance we do not reckon up the balance sheet of a disaster, we bear witness to the fulness of a victory which encroached too far upon the future and asked too much of men. We have not lived on the brink of a dark abyss (as Bukharin said at his trial); we are on the eve of a new cycle of storms.

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ON DAY CARE

LIBERATION News Service/ WOMEN: A Journal of Liberation

Day Care has become one of the central issues of the Women's Liberation Movement. It is quite clear that free and public day care centers would be an important means for liberating women from the traditional tasks of child rearing. It has been suggested --and in some places carried out-- that women could demand day care services from the institutions in which they work or study and from the large corporations which profit from and expand into the communities in which they live.

However, it is a mistake to view day care solely as an issue of Women's Liberation. We would like to assert that day care centers in which children are raised in groups by men and women could be as important for the liberation of children as it would be for the liberation of women. Group child care-- if well conceived-- has a radical potential through the impact it could have on children's early development. It is therefore necessary that people in the movement gain a deeper understanding of the day care center as an environment for child rearing.

The underlying reason for the failure of day care programs to develop in this country exists in the traditional idealogy that young children and their mothers belong in the home. Even today a strong bias exists against the concept that day care is potentially good for children and mothers. That women should have to work and therefore have to put their children in day care centers are circumstances which are generally considered to be necessary evils in this society.

The current demand for day care by the Women's Liberation Movement springs from a rejection of the ideology that says that women belong in the home. Yet the Movement's present demand parallels the historical attitude toward day care in its non-child centered approach. The primary reason for demanding day care is the liberation of women. While recognizing that day care is essential for women's liberation, the Movement should further recognize that day care is essential for the liberation of children. Group child care, in contrast to the more isolating private home environment, has the potential of providing an environment in which children will have more opportunity to develop social sensitivity and responsibility, emotional autonomy and trust, and a wider range of intellectual interests.

The struggle for day care centers must be considered a people's liberation issue, not just a women's issue because children are people. Both men and women who are concerned with children's development must demand day care.

The majority of existing U.S. day care centers, which are run as profit making enterprises, are glorified baby sitting services--dumping grounds-- where children are bored most of the time. In these centers children are emotionally brutalized; they learn the values of obedience and passivity. They are programmed through a daily routine in which opportunities for personal choice and meaningful social relationships with adults and other children are minimal. Eating and naptime are managed in a mass production style which values efficiency over dignity. The adults as well as the children become routinized and enslaved to the daily schedule.

In contrast there are a few day care centers where children have meaningful social and educational experiences, and where they participate in non-alienating relationships with adults. In these centers self-direction in learning and discovery are valued, and

curriculum is developed in terms of the children's interests. Social cooperation is based on a rational group problem solving approach rather than on rules impersonally established. Eating and resting activities are designed to be responsive to children's individual and group needs rather than to meet the efficiency goals of the day care operation.

The differences among existing day care centers reflect a conflict in values and attitudes toward human development. This conflict in the care and education of young children is directly related to conflicting values and attitudes expressed in the economic and political behavior of adults. Values in competitive enterprise and individual rather than social achievement, respect for private property adoration of the nuclear family are attitudes that are nutured in childhood and expressed in adult society.

As radicals we must understand that our goals for children are in conflict with those of the institutions corporations and universities--from whom we will be demanding day care services. This implies that when we make demands for day care they should be solely in terms of money and space. The corporations and universities should have no control.

In organizing day care centers we need to become aware of how values and attitudes are translated into programs for young children. We need to be aware of the existence of the day care center curriculum hidden or explicit-- and how it affects children's development.

It is well documented that attitudes toward work race sex (including male/female roles), initiative and cooperation are being formed during the first five years of life. It follows that, as radicals concerned with developing a radical consciousness on these issues we need to be seriously concerned with what happens inside the day care center.

The kind of interaction that takes place between the child and the human and physical environment (be it home or a day care center, affects the kind of capacities that the child will have as an adult. The capacity to feel deeply and be sensitive toward other people the capacity to trust oneself and use one's initiative the capacity to solve problems in imaginative and creative ways these are all capacities that can be given in their foundation or stifled in the first five years.

By the age of 4 children are assimilating the idea that a woman's place is in the home. Three and four year old children are already learning that it's better to be white. They are learning to follow directions and rules without asking why. They are learning how to deny their own feelings and needs in order to win approval from adults.

The traditional housekeeping corner of the nursery school and day care center is a dramatic illustration of how the teacher's values expressed in actions can have an impact.

Let's take two teachers who have undergone extensive training in early childhood education and have learned that the housekeeping corner provides an opportunity for children to "act out" adult roles that contributing to their "ego growth" and sex identification. One of the teachers sets up a housekeeping corner which encourages girls to be Mommy the Housewife and the boys to be Daddy the Worker. The other teacher set up an area in the classroom in which both boys and girls are given opportunities to cook, play with dolls and trucks sew, hammer, build with blocks, wash clothes and dishes dress up as doctors, firemen and firewomen construction workers, and other interesting occupations. In other words, one teacher uses the housekeeping corner to promote the learning of traditional stereotyped roles, while the other transforms the housekeeping corner into an area where children can explore and test out various adult activities.

Another way that children learn the traditional stereotyped roles is through observing that almost all day care teachers are women. The children quickly comprehend the concept that there is "women's work" and "men's work". This in itself would be sufficient argument for us to insist that men be included at all levels in the day care staff.

Furthermore without including men in the day care program the demand for day care runs the risk of contradicting the goals of women's liberation. Women should not demand simply that there be special institutions for child care but also that men take an equal role in child care.

There is another good reason that both men and women should be involved in the day care center. Teaching/working/playing with children can be an extraordinarily creative and non-alienating job. What often makes the caretakers of young children (teachers and mothers) feel apologetic about their occupation and what deprives men of the opportunity of working with children is the fact that our society considers child care "women's work" -- a low-status/cheap labor occupation biologically relegated to the weaker, "sensitive" sex.

A day care program which had a sexually integrated staff -- and salaries in keeping with the value of this work -- would make child-rearing a desirable and rewarding occupation. Finally, it seems self-evident that it's best for children -- emotionally, socially and politically -- that they be cared for equally by both men and women.

Day care is a people's liberation issue. Women, of course, will gain from a good day care program, but in the final analysis women's liberation depends on an entire transformation of society, not just on one institution. However, that one institution, if radically structured, can help obtain that transformation of society. The way children develop is part of that transformation.

In order to develop a radically structured day care program we must not allow any control to be in the hands of the universities and corporations. Our demand to these institutions for day care must be a demand solely for space and money. Control must rest with those who struggle for and use the day care center.

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GUATEMALAN REBELS EXECUTE WEST GERMAN AMBASSADOR

LIBERATION News Service

GUATEMALA CITY Guatemala (LNS) -- Guerrillas of the Guatemalan Rebel Armed Forces (FAR) have executed the West German ambassador who they kidnapped a week earlier. Count Karl von Spreti, an officer in the Nazi army during World War Two, was killed after the Guatemalan government refused to release 22 political prisoners and pay $700,000 in exchange for the ambassador's life.

Von Spreti's death marks the first time that the kidnapping tactic aimed at securing the release of imprisoned comrades has resulted in an intentional execution. (Last year, the U.S. ambassador to Guatemala was killed in an abortive kidnapping attempt.)

The stage for von Spreti's death was set at the end of March when the Argentine government -- for the first time in the recent wave of political kidnappings -- refused to accede to the guerrillas' demands.

In the Argentine case, the guerrillas had kidnapped a low ranking Paraguayan consular official stationed at an obscure border crossing point. He was clearly expendable to both the Argentine oligarchy and the brutal Paraguayan dictatorship. So the word went out that, for all the two governments cared, the Paraguayan border official could be killed, but no political prisoners would be released.

Realizing that they were mistaken in kidnapping an "expendable" victim, the guerrillas released him unharmed. Press reports from Argentina say that the liberation movement there gained measurably in respect.

Then came the kidnapping of von Spreti in Guatemala. Now the Guatemalan regime had to live up to an example of "stubborn refusal to deal with terrorists." So despite the fact that the kidnap victim was a full ambassador from a major power (one whose soldiers are training in rocketry at U.S. army bases in Texas right now) and not a lowly border guard, the Guatemalan dictatorship called the rebels' bluff and put von Spreti's life on the line.

The West Germans had volunteered to pay the $700,000 demanded by the FAR, but the Guatemalan government turned them down. The regime regards the release of two dozen revolutionaries as too grave a threat to its security. It gave in to the rebels the first few times, hoping that the kidnappings would stop. But they did not stop. In fact, the FAR's popularity among the Guatemalan people increased with every kidnapping.

Desperate, the crumbling and anti-popular Guatemalan regime took a hard line in von Spreti's case. They clamped a state of siege on the country

and eliminated whatever civil liberties remained in Guatemala in the face of a strong popular military foe the Government could show no weakness SO they let von Spreti die

West German political and diplomatic circles expressed "bitterness, outrage and disgust" at the regime's intransigent position But the Guatemalan government is too shaky at this point to have done otherwise

The Guatemalan government slaughtered several thousand Guatemalan peasants in the "mop-up" operation against the FAR in the mountains a few years ago It is also responsible for a 95% illiteracy rate an astronomical infant mortality rate, brutal political repression and one of the world's lowest standards of living

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NEW YORK S MAYOR LINDSAY COMES TO BERKELEY

By Karen Wald
LIBERATION News Service

BERKELEY, Calif (LNS) -- The University of California Board of Regents almost guaranteed New York's liberal mayor John Lindsay a warm welcome at the Cal campus when they refused to grant Lindsay an honorary degree -- the first time in the University's 102-year history that a Charter Day speaker was denied this honor A handful of radicals and a very sincere student body vice president unfortunately burst the Mayor's bubble

The mass of people gathered under the hot California sun at the University's picturesque Greek Theater were alumni and liberal faculty and students They liked John Lindsay Every effort had been made to co-opt any protest -- including allowing, also for the first time a student to speak at the ceremonies There were, therefore, looks of consternation when a host of banners -- "Free Bobby " "Free Our Panther Sisters" "Free the Panther 21" "Women's Liberation Demands Free the N Y Panthers" -- appeared as the official guests and speakers entered

A check around the grounds could have prepared them Large black letters painted on the inside of the stone walls of the theater proclaimed "Free Bobby " "Free Huey!" "Laos Will Win!" and similar messages.

When the Star Spangled Banner ended, chants of "Free Bobby Seale" began A clergyman gave the invocation, and people chanted, "Get Out of Vietnam!" An old lady stood up and called out petulantly, "Oh, shut up "

Roger Heyns, the chancellor of the school, began "Ladies and gentlemen," and voices called out, "Who killed James Rector?"

"..welcome to Charter Day," Heyns continued, drawing long applause from the straights, and again, when he mentioned Lindsay, more applause

But when he mentioned two elderly women in the procession, women in the crowd yelled "Free Erika!" The speech and the calls from the audience became almost a dialogue:

Heyns: " what to do about the turbulent events of our times .."

Voices in Crowd: "Revolution."

Heyns: " have taken some initiatives of our own .."

Crowd: "in Vietnam. "

One of the recipients of an award was Dr Sun Ohu Ho, son of Dr Sun Yat Sen, now living on Formosa (so-called Nationalist China) He was greeted with chants of "Mao, Mao, Mao Tse-tung!"

Then, in a cooptation attempt, John McKenzie, student body vice president, was allowed to speak He looked very straight and innocent, with extremely short hair and glasses But he began by telling parents and alumni that they probably wouldn't like much of what he was going to say "I'm going to say it now because I think this may be the only time you'll get to hear it " He spoke of the changes that had taken place in the University since the Free Speech Movement as "very token "

The fact that the University Board of Regents refused Lindsay's degree was one more proof that the University was not removed from political influence "And the Governor's imposition of tuition is also political -- it's an attempt to relegate the University of California to a second-class private institution "

Hitting even harder at the powers that run California, he attacked the water project which was

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THE GREEN MOUNTAIN PAPERS:

AN ECOLOGY TREATISE

LIBERATION News Service

Let us go then, you and I
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table...

--"The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"
by T.S. Eliot

The spirit of the people is greater than the
Man's technology.

-- Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense,
Black Panther Party

In mid-December, 1969, the Atmospheric Sciences Research Center in Scotia, N.Y., reported that in 10 to 15 years, every man, woman and child in this hemisphere will have to wear a breathing helmet to survive outdoors. Streets, for the most part, will be deserted. Most animals and much plant life will be killed off. The report predicts by 1980, at least one metropolitan area will be inundated by a cloud of pollution and 10,000 people will die. Cities will be doomed. Even now, the report states, there is no clean air left in the United States.

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Ponta de Carvalhos and Pontezinha are two small villages in Brazil. They are each located near two rivers -- the Pirapanga and the Vabotaio -- in the Northeast of the country, an area noted for its impoverishment. At one time, both villages could subsist on the rivers' sweetwater fish and crabs.

In 1965, Union Carbide came to the banks of the Pirapanga and built a chemical plant. The plant was to develop growth and implement progress.

A short time after the plant's completion, all the fish in the two rivers were dead

The villagers sought a permit to demonstrate. This was denied. They sought the help of "the authorities," but found the authorities had none to offer. They did, however, receive permission for a "religious procession."

On Aug. 16, 1965, two thousand of the villagers, nearly all of them black, marched 20 miles in summer, tropical heat, to the Union Carbide operation. Speeches were made. All the villagers knew what they heard. No one else watched except the police.

The Union Carbide plant is automated.

Now, many of the villagers are dead, some have moved away, and many have joined the rural or urban revolutionary movement -- if they have not been killed in the Brazilian government's repression campaign or died as the result of the diseases which kill thousands daily in Brazil and nations like it.

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It is called the inner-city, the urban core, the black ghetto, the black community. The death ratio is twice as high there as it is in suburbia, exurbia and uptown. Thousands of people live in smokestack-like buildings, crammed in the chimneys and pipes and tubes called "urban renewal." The area is owned by large corporations, absentee landlords and holding companies. In New York, Chicago and other cities, it is the Young Lords, the Black Panthers, who provide free breakfast for children, free medical care from competent community physicians and test literally thousands of children for the affliction that few outside know: lead poisoning, the horror of paint peeling off walls. The lead.

* * *

On May 8, 1950, the administration of Harry S. Truman announced its support of French colonialism in Vietnam. Since then, fiscal and "moral" aid has come to mean armed military violence against the country and people of Vietnam.

Every single city in North Vietnam, except Hanoi and perhaps Haiphong, has been bombed. Over a million Vietnamese have died. The country has been so defoliated by chemical weaponry that the rate of birth defects as a result has stunned scientists and biologists.

The fields of Vietnam, the land, has been burnt black by napalm, phosphorus...

* * *

The task of those who wish to reverse the trend of environmental destruction is compounded by the complexity of things which, at first, are seemingly unrelated to clean air, an environment which is preserved and beautiful, oceans and in-

ternal waterways which are unpolluted

It is, of course, no coincidence that America's rapid economic growth has matched itself in a compounding ruination of environment. Prosperity in America has always been equated with the "average" individual's accessibility to the accumulation of commodities; cars, homes, luxury items, etc.

But the American economy is not planned. In America, one is judged by the amount -- and "quality" -- of commodities he or she has. The simple satisfaction of needs for most people becomes, to an unplanned economy, a burden.

That is, the motor apparatus of the American economy is the profit motive, sometimes disguised by the euphemism "growth."

If people stopped buying, they would stop producing. There would be neither growth nor profit.

To be sure, buying and producing is not an a priori good or bad. What is bad, however, is profit and production for the sake of growth and profit. For what this mechanism has created is the war on environment.

Several years ago, a muckraking author named Vance Packard momentarily outraged people with his expose of "planned obsolesence." How cars, refrigerators, and so on, were so shoddily built (although "pretty") that they would fall apart within two or three years from the date of first purchase.

This growth of planned obsolesence corresponded to the exhaustion of items as functional. That is, commodities were bought by Americans not for their use, especially, but because, for instance, a brown, square freezer was color coordinated with the kitchen.

With the introduction of TV advertising, the die was cast.

Time payments, loans, credit cards and a kind of personalized deficit spending supercharged the economy and resulted in the incredible expansion of technology and industry.

To many Americans, this massive expansion is justified and praised in the name of progress. It is a progress we have paid for dearly, both economically and environmentally.

[illegible] growth [illegible] on, of course, is based on production. On the maintenance and recharging of the economy. Factories. Plants. Industry. And their immediate (that is, industrial) waste. And in the waste of their produce. Automobile exhaust. Cigarette smoke.

The cutting edge of this mire is not so astounding; that the wealth of all this growth is in the hands of about three per cent of the population. And though there is a parliamentary system of electing government, the real power lies not necessarily with the vote, nor the candidate, but essentially with lobbies, with corporate interests, with those whose economic magnitude commands a complementarily massive political weight.

Progress? The continued empowerment of this small class of people, at the expense of the vast majority of the American people, and at the expense of most of the world's people.

And, as long as the people in the ruling class can rent beach villas and deserted islands, as long as they can jet to island vacationlands, the crisis of ecology will mean little.

Of course, there will be a market for gas masks. And, we can have new and improved ones.

Nearly a decade ago, Daniel Bell wrote of the "end of ideology." His premise was easily received by the two prominent generations of the time: a youth generation which was largely silent and which accepted the regimentation of education, and an adult generation which, exhausted by World War II and the Korean conflict, sought only to enmesh itself in the respite of luxury. The time was intellectually isolationist.

The architecture and design of that time, barracks-like pre-fabricated Levittowns, Daly Cities and so on, provided the foundation for the rush to prosperity. The environment was fertile, but the blindness of sowing it, a clear inconsideration and an incredible lack of concern for consequence, has managed to reap the harvest we are now faced with: gray cities and grayer skies.

Life in America has now become quantitative rather than qualitative. That ideological thinking had become unnecessary, as Bell stated, is now a ludicrous thought. Further, the growth of the stu-

dent movement and its analysis of America has propelled the growth of ideology: in the Sixties a new left was born. And matching its charges comes now the response: an hysterical anti-communism, the near genocide of the Black Panther Party, the unmasking of corporate liberalism as a bankrupt myth, the defense of a score of dictatorships around the world, conspiracy laws: The Chicago 5, 7, 8, 10.

If we are to mount a significant -- and victorious -- campaign to preserve environment, we must necessarily attack the problem at its root: the society dominated by a ruling class, the production system that it commands for its own profits -- the profit motive itself.

Further, we must see that the nature of these things is not a mere academic concept of economics, but rather is part of something which is having a deep and profound effect on the psychology of a whole nation.

That, in fact, the consciousness of the American people has been shaped by that which pollution ruins: property. Or more specifically, private property.

There is no "private" property. There is land. That land is misused, raped, because of the training we receive: "I" own "private" property. In essence, we really don't care about all the shit in other people's back yards until it starts dropping into "mine."

Private property presumes the indulgence of the individual is separate and distinct from the betterment of the majority: a handy device, though. Non-affluent people feuding over little bits of "private" property maintain a division which benefits a ruling class which owns them; for they are, truly, the property of the ruling class.

And, of course, individual (sic) ownership of private (sic) property creates a chauvinism about land: "it's ours," as if we have a birthright to exploit nature for individual (as opposed to collective, planned, eco-conscious) ownership.

This is not saying privacy is bad, or intimacy is abominable, but that competition (for jobs, private property) and the mythology about the "individual" owner (unless he happens to be Rockefeller, Mellon or DuPont) creates the reality of environmental despoilation.

The struggle to protect, regenerate, and preserve environment -- and it is most assuredly a struggle -- is a political struggle; for it will have to attack corporate interests (oil, tobacco, auto, utilities, etc.) that are fundamental to the system. For it will have to attack the educational and university system in America because of its depersonalization and dehumanization. Because architects cannot be city planners without being deeply involved in a social psychology that does not treat people as pavlovian dogs, that is not behaviorist. Because economics is not algebra, not charts, but the complete study of an economic system and how it affects lives and minds.

And it will have to be political because ecology must be internalized; because people will not be able to live harmoniously with and in terms of their environment until they are able to live harmoniously with other people, until the divisions in life are eradicated, the division between ruler and ruled, so that people may begin the true task: to build for the new age.

The machine that churns up resources, people, land, and humanity for the gasoline of profit is a world system. Its directors have little concern for the destruction it brings in the wake of "progress and development." Until those under its treads resist; that resistance is met by calls of "communist aggression," and the $69 billion defense industry in America is cheered.

The machine is called imperialism; it maintains an empire called, incredibly, the free world. It sustains dictatorships, juntas, oligarchies, and military regimes in return for free access to local resources and labor. It is the natural outgrowth of an economy whose people do not manage it, whose profits are unshared, whose labor is directed by and for the maintenance of a tiny ruling class whose interests are antagonistic to the majority of working people.

A little bit of knowledge is a dangerous thing: for once we see the gradual decay of our country in its environment, we must also realize the immensity of how it began, and that we are seeing its terminal -- and not incipient -- stages.

This immensity, however, should not be confusing and should not be seen as detracting from a protracted advance for ecological harmony. A deep and thorough thinking through of what America is can only intensify, enhance and make more clear the urgency of the struggle to recreate a healthy and life-giving environment. For only when we understand the total nature of what an un-polluted environment must be can we responsibly delegate ourselves the role of meeting the task head on.

This leads to a concrete perception about the political aptitude required to meaningfully participate in this struggle: that "liberal" politicians, such as Sen. Gaylord Nelson, can garner headline space with concerned pleas for the cleansing of environment, means little in practice

Washington politicans are owned by the interests of imperialism and the need for preservation of the American empire: they are fundamentally entrenched in bureaucracy, they pay their dues to the powers that be. And they serve only to submerge the very contradictions within the system that they respond to in a non-analytic manner.

To wit, the sense of liberal politicans about Vietnam. The war is seen as bad because: a) we have no part in it and, b) we are losing. But we do not get from the same politicians any speeches for the dismantling of the U S Armed Forces, which spread over 42 nations act as armed representatives of an empire. Rarely do we hear of the need to fully tax multi-millionaires, while working people pay the bills of most social legislation, war and foreign aid. And never do we see true consistency: Fulbright voted for Haynsworth; McCarthy supported every single appropriation for the House Un-American Activities Committee (now "Internal Security"), etc.

By responsibility is meant a certain ethic: struggle. Survival asks only that practicality -- that we are not co-opted to replenish a system that breeds death and for liberal politicans who seek to gain "the youth movement."

An example for actions: in Denver, the Public Service Co., regularly belches smoke into the sky, which is usually brown at the horizon. A general demand of politically-oriented ecology people would be this: the immediate public ownership of the company. This would mean no majority stockholder, and the general and controlling interest of the company by the public. The results would be: the decrease of rates, the usage of planned-for profits for the installation of reliable anti-pollution devices in the factory. This would not only allow for the bettering of the environment but, also, for the involvement of the "forgotten man" in a decision-making process which affects his life, and the desanctification of the feeling that rich people know best.

It would further cut at the myth of "public guardianship" by monopolists and thus, by building class consciousness, would create further demands for popular control of institutions. A primary demand in this area would be the maintenance of the plant by those who work at it. This demand would serve to deepen the inherent motion of the initial demand: the democratization of life in America and further wrest power from the economically based elite -- who, no doubt, while the factory spills its bile into the air, are basking in the clean air and skies of Nassau.

In Denver, and no doubt other cities, this kind of movement could, to the general public, allow for a powerful re-examination of the commercial press, which, in Denver, because of heavy advertising revenues from Public Service, has been unwilling to fulfill its "public trust." By secondarily focusing an attack on the commercial media, there would be the linking up of big business manipulation and the "truth" of the commercial press.

Finally, with the elimination of major stockholders -- and their outstanding profits -- there could also be a deepening of work between students and youth and working people. Workers, with the publicity surrounding such a movement, could raise their own demand for control and higher wages.

Tactics would necessarily begin around legal issues; fines for the company for pollution; canvassing of homes in the immediate and outlying areas; contact with local unions, etc., would be essential. Depending on responses and the measure of support, tactics could become more militant.

A key thing to remember is the link-up between

ecology and the corporate-profit mentality, whether concerning Public Service, a steel works, or offshore drilling on the California coast. Two primary things would be logical to stress: the vulnerability of corporate institutions and the participation of people in the movement to move, in their own self-interest, around that wound.

The wound, it should be clear, is the knife in the back of the people, in their environment, in their lives.

With congressional and local elections coming up, another solid base to work with is electoral politics -- not, however, in the sense that electoral politics can make basic change. Rather students, young people and working people (this means, by the way, housewives) should run to, a) deepen class consciousness and desire for change, b) expose the bankruptcy of the two-party system, c) through the use of the podium, expose research done on corporations, etc., which pollute, and any legislation supported or proposed by local candidates which benefit those companies, d) offer a visionary and practical program for social change.

What should be maintained, however, is that professional politicians will use the issue of ecology as a means to get elected, not necessarily because he or she cares. And of course, there is the fact they lack, in general, the integrity and stamina to do anything -- not that the system will allow for much in the first place.

On the campus level, there should be a strong push for a department of ecological studies, run by students, and open to free community enrollment. It is essential, in any action, to move within the community and, hopefully, to have leadership of any ecological movement infused with local working people.

This department could be both educational and agitational: that is, it could serve to inform (surveys, reports, facts, figures, scientific predictions, etc.) and to agitate for change (courses on the machinations of capitalist economy, the psychology it creates, the nature of lobbies, etc.) while providing courses that offer that visionary, practical solution (the history of the Bauhaus in Germany, the architecture of Buckminster Fuller, ecologically-oriented architecture).

On campus, ecology groups could (and, it seems would have to) ally with radical and leftist groups. Again, to be sure, anti-imperialist ecology people should not consider themselves spread thin, but rather embarking on a struggle armed with not only outrage and concern, but also a correct analysis of America, so well rooted that wool could not be pulled over anyone's eyes.

A danger facing ecology groups that do not have an understanding of the class society, the capitalist meaning of life and its psychology, of imperialism, is that their energy will be diffuse, scattered, and, concurrently, wasted. They will be contradictory and confusing; they will run into brick walls since their politics are based on a self-interest rooted in outrage and concern, but not in a practical and expansive analysis that draws upon society as a whole and seeks the root of all the afflictions, not just the most fragrant sores.

What all these perceptions lead to is a key premise: the only way ecology will be achieved is by the people having direct control over whatever affects their environment. We can call this community-environmental control, ecological self-determination, socialism or democracy: but understanding that it is inherently a question of the relationships of power, of the measure of control a people directly have over their destiny, which will mete out the success of any ecological movement.

And that restates the initial premise of this paper in different words. In synthesis: we live in a (monopoly) capitalist society, in a nation which must be accused of imperialism, and we live under a system of parliamentary republicanism (not democracy) which is heavily -- if not totally -- influenced by lobbies of corporations. We realize the gradual death of our environment means our death. We realize this is not a joke, not an Orwellian fantasy. And we realize that reality is not fragmented and that all things that happen have causes. And reasons. And consequences.

The major consequence, if we refer back to the Atmospheric Sciences Research Center report at the beginning of this paper, is obvious.

During the worker-student uprising in France in 1968, there was a slogan which indicated not only a mood, but the whole nature of the capitalist

society, the breathless joy of the new age's coming: "Be realistic, demand the impossible!"

* * *

(Editor's note: The preceding ecology treatise was prepared by The Green Mountain Boys, UMC 183c, University of Colorado, Boulder, CO 80302. They invite correspondence.)

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NEW YORK'S MAYOR LINDSAY COMES TO BERKELEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

about to seep up millions of taxpayers' dollars -- "and ours, too, since that's where our tuition money is going" -- claiming that the money was going to wealthy landowners of San Joaquin valley, whose poorly paid workers could never send their children to this school. "This university produces an automatic tomato-picker that puts hundreds of chicanos out of work, then denied admission to their children by withholding funds," McKenzie said.

Then, focusing on Mayor Lindsay, he said, "I want to ask some questions that have been bothering us, and we'd like some answers. We've seen the way the Panthers and the Young Lords have been depicted in the press, and we know it is not true. They're depicted as racists, but we know they work with whites." He spoke of the breakfast programs, the attempt to get proper sewerage in New York City. "The media has created an image, and we want you to know it is not true."

"Is it true," McKenzie asked, "that the Panthers in New York are being held on such exorbitant bail that it amounts to no bail at all? Why are they still kept in jail when whites charged with similar offenses are free? Are the conditions in the Women's House of Detention as oppressive as has been described, filled with rats and lice? Why is the District Attorney in New York continually prosecuting cases in a way meant to deny black prisoners their rights?"

The questions were left unanswered as Lindsay skipped from one liberal abstraction to another. Liberal Lindsay began with light-hearted quips about Reagan and the Regents -- "I'm happy to be here -- to a degree," he grinned. The students weren't so light-hearted. "What about Harlem Hospital?" someone called out. Lindsay ignored it, and continued with reference to the many fine bands that had come out of the Bay Area -- "The Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, and now, if the Berkeley City Council has its way, the Jefferson Helicopter."

The radicals in the crowd, impatient with the jokes, began chanting "Free the 21!" Lindsay spoke of the horrors of the war. Radicals chanted, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh," and "Vietnam Will Win."

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DEFENSE DEPARTMENT STATISTICS:

IT'S ALL OF SOUTHEAST ASIA NOW

By College Press Service
LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- The official Defense Department news releases which list the names and numbers of dead American soldiers in the department's war efforts are no longer headed by the title "U.S. MILITARY CASUALTIES -- VIETNAM." They now read "U.S. MILITARY CASUALTIES -- SOUTHEAST ASIA."

Carl Tocci, a defense department spokesman, said the change was made "in the interests of accuracy."

"The list has always included casualties from Laos," Tocci said. "We just never got around to changing the title."

Asked if the list might now include deaths in Thailand, Tocci replied, "Certainly. It's always included the entire area." Tocci said he had "no idea" who was responsible for the change which was made Mar. 18.

The current death count, by Pentagon figures, includes 48,574 Americans, 3,696 U.S. allies, 103,507 South Vietnamese (Saigon regime) Army troops, and 610,308 NLF and North Vietnamese troops, for a grand total of 766,085 deaths -- not including hundreds of thousands of civilians.

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VICTORY FOR THE VIETNAMESE REVOLUTION
DEMONSTRATE IN YOUR CITY ON APRIL 15

AZTLÁN. BIRTH OF A NATION

By Karen Wald

LIBERATION News Service

DENVER, Colo. (LNS) -- "We have created the nation of Aztlán," Corky Gonzalez said to the people who filled the Crusade for Justice auditorium on Sunday afternoon on the fifth and last day of the 2nd Annual Chicano Youth Liberation Conference.

The main purpose of this year's meeting was to create a political party and Congress of Aztlán -- the Aztec name for the lands of the Southwest stolen from the Indian and Mexican ancestors of today's Chicanos, spiritually incorporating all brown people, all of North America's Spanish-speaking people.

But as Corky noted, the five days of meetings, workshops, theater, music, fighting, playing and rapping had done far more than simply create a new, independent political party. It had given shape, form -- visibility -- and an unprecedented unity to the nation of people who created this party and who the party was to represent.

The basic issues and concerns of Aztlan could be found by looking at the list of workshops: community control of schools, churches, agencies and institutions; creation of an economic base in the barrios of the cities, the villages and the countryside through rural and industrial cooperatives and joint accumulation and working of land; security and self-defense; meaningful education through creation of Chicano liberation schools and universities, taught and controlled by the people; health and welfare, relating the need for community clinics to the need to nationalize the welfare agencies; art and the Chicano artist, ranging from discussion of techniques, to the need for preserving a rich cultural heritage of art, views shared in the literature and drama workshops; communication to end the isolation and alienation of Chicano brothers in various localities; anti-war and draft resistance to end the double-genocide of brown people from the U.S. (and some of its colonies) dying en masse in the process of killing their Vietnamese brothers; and many workshops to discuss the creation of a political party and a Congress for Aztlan.

There was no women's workshop per se, but brown women did meet during the conference to discuss their role as brown women, as revolutionaries and potential revolutionaries. After the first tentative meeting, they opened the continuing women's workshops to the men, and the over-all effect was to produce stronger, more committed women taking their place in the Chicano movement alongside their men.

There was no workshop on "unity" either, but this was probably one of the most significant factors of the conference. A year ago in Denver, Puerto Ricans and blacks were attacked and barred from the conference by some Chicanos who are now called "cultural nationalist." This year they were invited back, and Young Lords and Latin Kings shared the stage, dormitories, and guard duty with Brown Berets and Crusaders. Gangs from Chicago, whose members previously could not have walked across each other's turf and come out unharmed, travelled together in the same buses, shared meals and lodging, rapped and partied together, and came out of the conference with a feeling of solidarity and brotherhood inconceivable a short time ago. Again, that is not to say everything went smoothly.

A few individual fights sent several brothers to the hospital. But the strength of the unity that was built was shown in the reaction of the groups to these fights. Instead of rallying around their injured members and counter-attacking the other groups, which would be the traditional response, gang and club leaders denounced the actions as "fucked up behavior" and reaffirmed their solidarity with their brother groups.

The strong cultural heritage of La Raza, displayed in art, music, poetry, dance and theater, was one of the many aspects which markedly distinguished this conference from any white movement meeting. It is also one of the factors uniting the old with the young; no generation gap is visible in the Chicano movement. Old and young responded with rhythmic handclapping and foot-stomping and series of short, high-pitched yells as beautifully costumed Chicana girls came out to perform traditional

dances. The shouts and applause increased as they came back for a second [illegible] with ponchos and [illegible] on their backs, and mounted to [illegible] applause and a thundering ovation when the girls were joined by young men, also elegantly costumed in black pants, jackets and hats trimmed with intricate white designs. What had been a political war-cry throughout the conference took on new meaning as voices intoned "Chicano-o-o" and others thundered back "POWER [illegible]"

Theatrical groups were less tradition-bound and more directly aimed at the problems of today's Chicano. They ranged from the Teatro Triste street theater of the East Oakland barrio — many of whose members have only recently gotten off of speed and heroin and all their related problems, and none of whom had ever acted before they got together — to Teatro Urbano, by far the most "professional" and talented of the various groups. Teatro Urbano is run by Daniel Valdez, brother of Luis Valdez of Teatro Campesino, and as the names imply, the new group is the city counterpart of Luis' farmworkers' theater. Teatro Triste, reflecting its composition and the backgrounds of its members, deals primarily with the problems of drugs in the Chicano community, the related problems of theft, fighting and hatred among brothers, as well as the general conditions of poverty and oppression in the barrio, but also touches on things like the degradation of Mexicans in TV commercials.

Teatro Urbano deals with a wider range of topics, including the war in Vietnam (in which the Chicano soldier makes friends with a Viet Cong and shoots the American officer), the problem of "Juan Rata" who loses his identity (the name card around his neck disappears when he encounters the American Dream one night, and tries to make it in the world the way "Ben Dido" (vendido--sell out) did, then is dropped as a black and ultimately as a soldier as [illegible] avail. Getting killed as a soldier, he comes back as the spirit of Aztlán and tells the American Dream. Teatro Urbano also has [illegible] repertoire of Chicano, Mexican and Latin American songs, which the singer introduces [illegible] promise to make them conform more to the German reality, although they remain the most internationalistic of the groups.

Doris, at the microphone, told the audience "The gringo [gringo] wants to take our land. But he can't win. He tried in Vietnam, and he couldn't win there. He wants to keep Latin America [illegible] BUT WE'RE NOT GONNA LET THEM, ARE WE?" In their own rendition of "Bella Ciao" Teatro Urbano sang, "Desde Bolivia a California/ Hay solo una revolución [From Bolivia to California there is just one revolution."])

The walls of the Crusade of Justice Center, which was formerly a church, have been redecorated by the Chicano artist Manuel Martinez with Aztec and Chicano scenes and figures. A slight, grey-haired figure, he carefully sketched and painted in one mural of two women as the conference surged all around him, little children and others standing around in groups to watch him. Said one artist, reporting from the artists' workshop, "Chicano art is the truth about our life. It is not a pretty picture of a pretty flower or a pretty tree or a pretty blond girl. It's also not a mexicano in a sombrero asleep leaning against a cactus.... Our art must reflect our lives and our feelings."

More than 3000 Chicanos, Latinos and Puertoriqueños from all over the country filled the Crusade for Justice Hall for five days (over 2100 registered the first day) and the main purpose of their being there was to create an independent political party of the nation of Aztlán.

Disagreements ran through all discussion about what role the party was to play. Many were adamantly opposed to any involvement in electoral politics; others followed the lead of Corky Gonzales, who, although he denies there is a single leader of the Chicano movement, clearly is that leader at this point. Corky, who works for the Crusade for Justice in Denver, feels that a political party running candidates can be a tool with which to make use of the gringo mass media. He argued that if Aztlán truly [illegible] independent nation, then it [illegible] members to its own congress, [illegible] consuls to other [illegible]

There was never a specific decision made regarding this, but it seemed likely that candidates would be run in certain places. The resolutions that were passed called for the formal creation of the nation of Aztlan, and the establishment of an independent La Raza Unida political party, which would have the Plan of Aztlan (drafted last year) as its main platform, to be later expanded by the newly-formed Congress of Aztlan. The resolution stated that "We will withhold our support from any candidate running in any other party." It went on to say that the Congress of the nation of Aztlan will be the governing body of the party and will handle all political questions concerning the nation of Aztlan.

In other resolutions, proposed by the delegation from New Mexico, Reis Tijerina was proclaimed national hero of Aztlan, with June 5 -- the date of the Tierra Amarilla raid -- declared a national holiday. The resolution described Tijerina as a political prisoner, and pledged the nation of Aztlan to "free him by any means necessary."

One of the final acts of the conference was a wedding of two young Denver Chicanos by the nation of Aztlan. The audience -- which had witnessed a similar wedding in a film showing of "Battle of Algiers" the day before -- accompanied the young couple with rhythmic hand-clapping as they marched through a line of Brown Berets and Black Berets -- each raising a clenched fist as the couple passed through. At the stage Rocky, wearing an army fatigue jacket and black beret, and Della, in jeans, t-shirt and serape, faced Corky, who told the people present: "I am no high priest. They have made the decision. This isn't a ceremony but a witnessing of the love of two revolutionaries who believe in the same cause, the same nation. We of Aztlan decide our own destiny. What these young people do today is a symbol of liberation and revolution." They left amidst an incredibly long string of "Chicano/Power" handclapping, footstomping chants. As they walked out, they were very much the visual symbol of the new nation that had been born at that conference.

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[NOTE TO EDITORS: A series of short articles on various aspects of the conference and the Chicano movement will accompany this article in following packets. Look for them, because this article could only touch the surface. Readers and editors interested in learning more about the conference, the party, or the movement should contact Crusade for Justice, 1567 Downing St., Denver, Colo.]

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NO MALCOLM X UNION FOR ILLINOIS STATE

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. (CPS/LNS) -- The Board of Regents, by a vote of 6-0, supported Illinois State University President Samuel E. Braden in his recommendation not to approve the name of Malcolm X for the University Union at the Bloomington-Normal campus.

The name of Malcolm X had been suggested for the Union by four campus groups, the University (Faculty) Council, Student Senate, Union Board, and Task Force on Intergroup Relations.

President Braden, in his position disapproving the recommendation by those groups, said he felt the message of Malcolm X "seems to emphasize our differences and therefore is inappropriate to the University as a community. Furthermore, to do otherwise would be to lose effective ability to direct either the campus or the off-campus communities toward the goal of racial equity and reconciliation."

At the same time, President Braden reaffirmed his previous statement that ISU should be free to name buildings for blacks and that "we should direct our attention to the campus conditions that are conducive to the successful education of all students, black and white."

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POETRY UNDER FIRE

NEW ORLEANS (LNS) -- Darlene Fife and Robert Head, editors of the NOLA Express, have published a collection of poems entitled "After Word Comes Wierd." The poems were written shortly before they became the first underground newspaper editors to be indicted by the Federal Government (the charge is sending obscene materials through the mails). The collection is published by Radical America magazine and the Quixote Press. It is available from NOLA Express (Price $1.00) at Box 2342, New Orleans, La. 70116.

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From LNS Women:
Media Sisters--
Notes on the East Coast Women's Media Conference:
++ Date: April 25-26
++ Place: Washington Square Methodist Church, 135 W. 4 St., New York, N.Y.
++ Time: 10 a.m. to 11 p.m., Sat., Apr. 25,
2 p.m. to 11 p.m., Sun., Apr. 26

We've gotten responses from about 100 women so far. We are trying to work out free housing arrangements, so please let us know immediately if you are coming. BRING SLEEPING BAGS.!!

The church has a kitchen that we can use, so we will be able to have coffee and lunch there. You should bring money for dinner, cokes, subways, etc. We will have to collect $1 from each woman for the use of the church and for our lunches.

If you arrive in New York on Friday night call us if you need housing information, etc.

* * *

From: LNS Women --

Additions to radical media women's list of publications published recently in LNS:
RADIO FREE PEOPLE, 133 Mercer st., New York, N.Y 10012 (also 160 Prospect Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238) Women's Liberation Tapes;

++ My Body is Mine to Control -- songs of struggle sung by Beverly Grant, written by Beverly Grant and Lynn Phillips.

++ Up Against the Mattress Down in the Valley, a sound collage of sex, politics, music, economics, primarily for women.

++ Women Against Daddy Warbucks -- New York women who destroyed draft files talk about why they did it, why they chose to appear publicly, and what it meant to carry out their action, "as women, in America."

++ Free Our Sisters, Free Ourselves! -- documentary of the Nov. 22, 1969, New Haven march to support the jailed Black Panther sisters.

* * *

From: LNS
New radical media list is in the final stages of preparation. Please check your mailing plate and send corrections to us right away.

We're still trying to track down the forged LNS packet's source. Please let us know if you received a packet and what sort of postage, postage stamps, postmark, etc., was on the envelope

* * *

From: Robert Head, NOLA EXPRESS, Box 2342, New Orleans, LA 70116 --

The City of New Orleans today filed a motion in Federal Court to have the Restraining Order against the New Orleans police removed in regard to NOLA EXPRESS #13 (the issue the Federal Grand Jury indicted us for).

Hang in.

The Genet interview was fine. A man after my own heart.

...all best.

* * *

From: Alice, BLACKSBURG FREE PRESS, P.O. Box 988, Blacksburg, VA 24060--

A number of movement groups and publications have been sending material to both Alice and Blacksburg Free Press, both addressed Box 459, Blacksburg, Va. However, this dual expense is unnecessary, since they are one and the same. Also, our post office box has been changed to Box 988. To keep your limited funds a little less limited, please address all further mail correctly [see address above]. Thanks.

* * *

From: Robbyelee, SECOND CITY, 2136 No. Halsted st., Chicago, Il 60614 --

Second City has printed Georgi Dimitrov's United Front Against Fascism as a special supplement to this paper. The pamphlet, long out of print and practically unobtainable, describes the true nature of fascism and helps to arm the working people with the knowledge to resist it.

With the atmosphere in Amerika today tending to favor fascist terrorist methods of rule, the people at large must learn the truth about fascism. It is most fitting that this work should be reprinted here in Pig City where Fred Hampton was murdered before dawn in his bed and where seven men have just been jailed for believing in freedom of speech.

One person loaned the money to finance the printing of this work. After that money is returned, any extra money from sales will be put into a fund to finance printing of other works the capitalists' presses are unlikely to print.

1-10 copies.....50¢ each
10-25 copies.....40¢ each
25-50 copies.....35¢ each
50-100 copies.....30¢ each
100 or over..... 25¢ each

Other papers, please re-print the above.
Peace.

* * *

END OF RADICAL MEDIA BULLETIN BOARD FOR TODAY=====

YOU PAY A FAT PRICE FOR DIET OLEO

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS-CPS) -- When you buy diet margarines you may pay premium prices averaging 50% higher than for regular margarine -- but what you get for the extra money is added water, just plain water. In effect, says the Consumers Union, the non-commercial, non-profit consumer advisory group, the manufacturer is getting a premium for adulterating his product. The added water in place of fats in diet margarine gives a diet spread about half the calories of regular margarine. And the advertising industry creates the demand that makes such a product possible, and profitable.

-30-

 END OF TEXT: GRAPHICS AHEAD

"Like the president said, we all have to keep things a little cleaner"

N.Y.
T BE
REE
AGAINST WAR & FASCISM

Free
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YAV

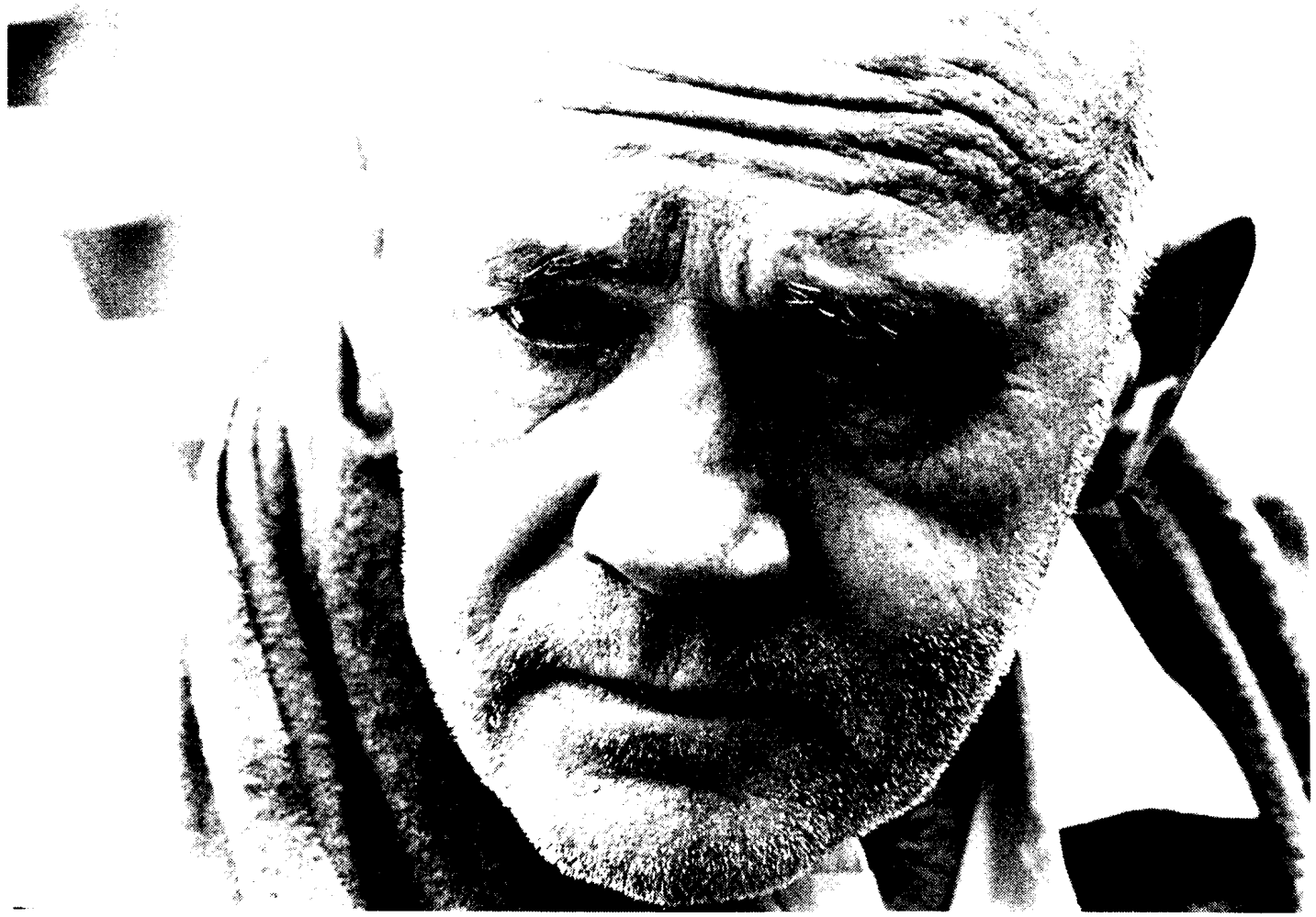
These photos were taken at march and rally to FREE THE PANTHER 21 in New York on Saturday, April 4. On this page, the people take over the Queensboro (feeling groovy) bridge. See story on page3

Credit both these photos to Steve Rose/LNS. More follows...

HAVE A
BIG E.G.,
WE WILL.

Please credit David Fenton/INS.

Please credit Sid Sattler/INS.



Jean Genet. This photo may be used in addition to those already run to accompany the interview with Genet that appeared in LNS #245. Photo by Stephen Shames/Photon West LNS